

Solomon Childs, Corner Store Candy

(Intro: Solomon Childs (unknown singer))

Turn the music stop (turn it up, turn it up, uh-huh, uh-huh)

It's like I can be, they probably thought I was... (uh-huh)

Really be here (uh-huh, it ain't never what it seems)

(It ain't never what it seems, it ain't never what seems)

Uh-huh, yeah, feel me, huh, come on (it ain't never...)

(Solomon Childs)

Let's start before the triple beams, and my platinum dreams

Gettin kicked off the Little League teams

Think I was thirteen, far from a thug

Never the violent type, back in the days

Never fit the criminal ways, never was raised to go sideways in the maze

It's Special Ed, get the Caesar ate, nappy afro wit acne

Slum bum, I'mma key, whatever happened to real brothers like Fred G (I don't know)

Baby Bliss, Bottom B. Rick and B.D. (That's right, that's right)

And mama said I be actin wrong, spittin game in the drug game

God paid to skeet bock, give me a nickname

The D.A. did it all wrong, went and laid up too long

Stop writin rhymes, startin writin songs

And I love all my crew, funny what money could make you say and do

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs (unknown singer))

(Taste like candy..) and platinum dreams

I think a man's life ain't always what it seems (corner story candy)

Runnin from wrong teams and crush ya dream

I think a man's life ain't always what it seems (candy)

(Solomon Childs)

Reminisclin', wishin the God, never driven the crown

That was some years later, keep the kids shined

Can't hide wit pride, dealin wit money

Now I'm bona-fied, Solomon Childs'll reign worldwide

Thinkin back what mama love can only afford

A '79 Ford, that's what copped diamonds and change

Rocked minks, pushed the black Accord, the God in Billboard

And I'm proud to be alive, mama in community meets, tears fall from my eyes

And when they ask why she cry

My baby's dream always were big from the size, of since 5

Police said he would never survive

but now my baby boy's on the front of the Vibe

Them old timers be in front of the store

Sayin that you write better when you hurt more

And that's real...

(Chorus 4X)

(Interlude during chorus: Solomon Childs)

J.R., what? Gonna live on, hah-hah

This is for the money, word we got it

Right now it's time to get those notes, yo

(Solomon Childs)

Went from backpacks to briefcases, mixtapes of Ron G.

Craig G., Red Alert, S&S, and Funkmaster Flex

Now the opposite sex is vexed from back in the days

Givin no respect, mama said "baby enjoy ya life, take care of ya kids and wife"

Style is Caribbean vacations, me and Sabrina sippin champagne playin PlayStation

Went from dust bones to rulers, jail cells to buildin wit the old schoolers

Liftin iceberg skirts and sippin wine coolers

I used to yell, through a jail cell, that the money would come well

Think forever rest well, young drop the jew-el

He said, "son, never you dwell, cuz the day you repel, your thoughts'll excel

And ya whole town'll wanna get down wit you personal"

(Outro: Solomon Childs (unknown singer))
All of them (uh-huh, uh-huh) every last one of them (uh-huh, uh-huh)
It's like yo son, all them chicks who be tryin to disrespect you (uh-huh, uh-huh)
(Taste like... candy) And look past you, all them dudes
Who be tryin to act like they really tryin to feel you (uh-huh, uh-huh)
They all gonna feel you one day, just keep doin ya thing
(Taste like... candy)